

# LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

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## THE LOVES OF SEID AND ZAYDA.

Before we proceed further with our account of these magnificent festive preparations, let us speak of the gallant Seid and the beautiful Zayda, his beloved mistress. All Grenada held discourse of their loves, and felt interested in their attachment; but no sooner did these reports reach the ears of the parents of the envied Zayda, than they resolved to wed her without delay to another, or at least spread abroad a rumour of such a design, to the intent that Seid might be induced thereby to desist from his pretensions, and losing all hopes of a favourable issue to his love, might abstain from so frequently lingering round the doors of their house for a sight of his adored Zayda, and to put a stop to the calumnious rumours injurious to the reputation of their only child. In pursuance of this plan, they exercised the strictest vigilance over her conduct, not permitting her to frequent her balconies, lest she should find opportunities of conversing with Seid. Their precautions, nevertheless, profited but little, for they neither deterred Seid from watching the windows of his mistress, nor Zayda, from loving him more fervently than before; and as it was reported throughout the whole city, that the parents of Zayda were about to wed her to a powerful and rich Moor of La Ronda, the brave Seid could find no repose by night or by day, his

thoughts being busied in forming various plans to frustrate such a measure, and his resolution being bent on his rival's destruction should other means fail. Incessantly he paced the path in front of the house of his beloved, in hopes of a favourable chance affording him a moment's conversation with her, and an opportunity of learning her sentiments from her own lips; for the gallant Moor was distracted with doubt lest his Zayda should herself have consented to the marriage, notwithstanding the mutual promises and vows of fidelity which had passed between them.

Long and anxiously he waited for her appearance on the balcony where she had formerly used to walk; nor did the lovely Zayda feel less anxiety than her Seid, to see him, to speak to him, and give him a full account of the fatal resolution her parents had taken concerning her: venturing therefore out on the balcony at twilight, she perceived her lover sadly and mournfully pursuing his solitary walk round her well-known apartments, when suddenly raising his eyes, he beheld his dear Zayda tenderly gazing on him, and appearing so enchantingly lovely that in a moment his grief was succeeded by transport, and timidly approaching the balcony, he thus addressed his beloved: "Dearest adored Zayda, in pity tell me, can this terrible report which I hear be true, that your father has destined you for another? If it is, keep it no longer concealed from me—in mercy remove this racking suspense which tortures me. My resolution is taken. By Allah, let him who shall dare usurp my right to thee, dread my vengeance! One of us must not, shall not long survive."—"Alas! Seid," replied Zayda weeping, "it is but too true—my father has determined to part us. Forget me then, and seek a fairer bride: your worth and valour can never fail of attaching one, who will easily console you for the loss of your Zayda. Our ill-fated loves have continued but too long; they must cease. Heaven only knows the reproaches I have suffered from my parents for your sake—" "Cruel Zayda," interrupted the

Moor, "is this the promise that you gave me to be mine till death?"—"Seid, Seid," exclaimed Zayda, in a terrified tone, "for Heaven's sake, hasten away! I hear my mother inquiring for me. If she should see you here, I am lost. Be patient, and think no more of your wretched Zayda!"—Saying this, she quitted the balcony in tears, and left the gallant Moor in a tumult of conflicting emotions, unknowing where to seek alleviation for his pain. Resolute, notwithstanding, to persist in his love, and still daring to hope for success, he tore himself with difficulty from the spot, and returned homeward, but his heart remained with his Zayda.

Although the fair Zayda had exhorted her lover to forget her, as has been above related, not the less did she continue to love him, nor did the noble Seid cease to adore her in return; and although she had forbidden him to see her again, often did she relent, often did they continue to converse together, though in secret, for fear of its coming to the knowledge of her parents; but the valorous Moor, to avoid scandal, no longer continued to frequent the street where stood the house of his mistress.

They could not, however, keep their meetings so secret but that they were discovered by the haughty Tarfe, the companion of Seid, but who privately nourished in his heart mortal enmity to his friend, and an ardent and vainly stifled passion for the lovely Zayda. He therefore, perceiving it in vain to hope that the interference of her parents would compel Zayda to cease to love and be beloved by her Seid, resolved to disturb their attachment by sowing discord between them, though the attempt should cost him his life, for such a fate is the well-merited reward of those who are disloyal in their friendships.

Seid remained so afflicted at what his lovely Zayda had told him of her parents' threats, that he began to torture himself with doubt, lest they should in truth have resolved to bestow her on a rival; and the only consolation which could sooth his anxiety was, again to frequent the



street from which her windows were visible: but she no longer appeared there as formerly unless sometimes late in the evening, and then but rarely; for though the beautiful maid still loved him tenderly, yet she dared not betray her affection, for fear of irritating her parents, and thus depriving herself of the delight which formed her chief happiness, not venturing to hold converse with her dear Seid; who was so afflicted at her absence, that he shewed his grief even in his dress, wearing such colours only as were suited to the despair and sorrow which consumed him: thus the knights and ladies of Grenada might judge how constantly, yet how hopelessly he still loved. In fine, so strongly did affliction and care prey upon his mind, that his once manly and robust frame became emaciated, and his health declined rapidly under the weight of harrassing visions of future wo, which he was unable to banish from his thoughts, sleeping or waking, for a single moment.

As the only alleviation and solace of his anxious love, one dark and gloomy night, which seemed as if in harmony with his melancholy feelings he wandered alone with his guitar, at midnight, to the street where dwelt his adored Zayda, and softly touching its strings, poured out his passion and his despair in the pathetic verses of an Arabian song

Not without tears did Seid pour forth his amorous complaints to the sound of his harmonious guitar, interrupted by the ardent sighs which issued from his very soul, and but augmented the flame that burned within him; and if he felt the tender passion in its utmost purity, not less was the attachment of his amiable Zayda, who recognizing the voice of her beloved, stole softly to a balcony, whence she could hear distinctly the words of the serenade, and the deep-drawn sighs by which they were broken. Plaintive was the melody, and the lovely Moor recalling to her mind the meaning of the song, was moved to tears.

It reminded her of the first time they had met in Almeria, where she was staying with her parents, on the festival of St. John, when Seid, who commanded a gallant vessel, in which he had almost cleared the seas of the Christians, and made many rich prizes, chanced to arrive in the port.

The successful chief had brought with him and adorned his galley with the magnificent spoils he had won. The whole city crowded to see their hero, among others Zayda, accompanied by her parents, to whom Seid was known, went on board his vessel, which was covered with rich vestments, standards, and other trophies of his victories.

The gallant Seid received them with joy, and gazing on Zayda, presently became enamoured of so lovely a being and laid at her feet the fairest jewels he had taken, expressive of his adoration. This was the commencement of their loves, and it was agreed, that if Seid would come to Grenada, he should be permitted to serve his beautiful mistress. He accepted the offer, and resolved to quit the sea, leaving the command of his vessel to one of his dependents. Till now therefore Seid had faithfully served his Zayda, but perceiving the intentions of her parents, and that they no longer shewed him favour as formerly, he had composed the above mentioned song, lamenting the loss of those hours of happiness he had so long enjoyed.

When the amiable Moor heard the sighs of her lover, she could no longer restrain herself, but opening her lattice, uttered his name softly for fear of her parents. The overjoyed youth flew to the balcony, when Zayda thus addressed him: "Why, Seid, will you still persevere? Know you not how much you injure my reputation? Consider, that my parents keep me here confined solely on your account. For Heaven's sake depart, before they know that you are here: for should they discover us, I fear they would put their threats into execution, and send me to Cayne, to the castle of my uncle—how could I survive in such a banishment? Do not then compel them to this harsh treatment, nor think that because I do not see you so often, I love you less than formerly. May Allah be pleased to disperse the clouds that now hang over us! Farewell! I dare no longer stay here." This said, the weeping fair-one quitted the balcony, leaving her beloved Moor in darkness, bewailing the loss of the sun he worshipped.

Now let us return to the festivals, which, as we mentioned before, were about to be given, and which had better never been, by reason of the dis-

putes and fatal consequences which resulted therefrom, as we shall hereafter state more at large. At these tournaments appeared the brave Seid, a knight of the tribe of the Abencerages, eager to distinguish his valour in presence of his beloved mistress.—Though debarred from conversing together, love taught them the language of amorous glances, and with these they remained satisfied, till fortune should bring about their so much desired union.

One day the charming Moor plaited a tress of her beautiful hair, fairer than the golden threads of Arabia, and with her own hands placed it in the turban of her hero. Seeing him more than usually elated, his friend Abdallah Tarfe urged him to reveal to him the cause of his gladness; and as happiness, to be truly enjoyed, must be shared, Seid, trusting to his friendship, and under many promises of secrecy, declared to him the reason, and shewed the dear pledge which he had received from his Zayda. The perfidious Tarfe, filled with envy and stung with jealousy, seeing how favoured and esteemed his rival was, determined to betray the secret to Zayda; and having watched an opportunity to speak with her one day, thus artfully began.

"Are you not, lady, that Zayda by whom Seid is so much beloved—that angelic being so adored in Grenada, nay in all Spain? Alas! he is no longer deserving of thy love—he has dishonoured thee; for not long ago, being with many more friends conversing on the favours we had received from our mistresses he took off his turban, and shewed us all a tress of hair, which he affirmed to have been placed there by your own hands. Judge whether I speak truth or not, if you know the tokens of my sincerity."

Zayda too hastily gave credit to this perfidious statement; and as woman is naturally fickle, all her love was changed to hate and disdain, imagining that her honour and reputation were sullied. She sent immediately for Seid, who, as she was informed by one of her maids, had not long since been inquiring of her by whom her mistress was visited, and what colours she most delighted in. Full of hope and joy, he hastened to throw himself at her feet, but she haughtily and passionately thus addressed him: "Seid, I desire that henceforward you will



neither frequent my house and street, nor speak to any one of my family, for you have basely dishonoured me. The tress of my hair which I gave you, you have shewed to Tarfe and others: how can I therefore ever confide in you again? Begone and never presume to see me more." Saying this, she burst into tears, and quitted the apartment without listening to the protestations of Seid, who implored her to stay and hear the truth; and finding that his entreaties were of no avail, vowed vengeance for the perfidy of Tarfe.

Seid's despair was so great at the cruel disdain of his adored Zayda, and her ready belief of the falsehood which had been related to her, that he rushed out, maddened with rage, to seek the traitor Tarfe. He found him in the square of Bivarrambra, giving directions for the next tournament; and calling him aside, sternly demanded why he had thus broken all the ties of friendship, and drawn upon him the anger of his mistress. Tarfe replied scornfully, "I have never betrayed your confidence, nor drawn upon you the anger of your Zayda: how dare you accuse me of such an action? You ought to know your friend better." Seid, however, insisted on his charge; and many hot and angry words passed between them, till drawing their scimetars, an obstinate combat commenced, in which Tarfe received a mortal wound. The Zegriss, being the friends of Tarfe, assembled to revenge his death on the gallant Seid, who was speedily protected by the Abencerrages; and if the king had not interposed, Grenada had been that day destroyed; for the Zegriss, Gomeles, and Mazes armed their partizans against the Abencerrages, Gazules, Vanegas, and Alabazes, who did the like on their side. But king Chico, accompanied by the principal nobles of the other Moorish families, succeeded in pacifying them; and Seid having surrendered himself, was carried prisoner to the Alhambra.

All the circumstances being inquired into, the guilt and perfidy of Tarfe were clearly manifested; and in order that the reputation of Zayda should not be sullied, the monarch prevailed upon her parents to wed her to Seid, to whom he extended the royal pardon for the death of Tarfe. The Zegriss remained highly discontented with this result, but the festivities were not discontinued on

that account, because the king commanded them to be proceeded in as before.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

CHINESE LETTERS.

LETTER VI.

Boston, ———

MOST EXCELLENT FRIEND,

There is one custom prevalent in this country, which must strike with horror every mind, which has the least pretension to humanity: It is what is here called *duelling*. I shall endeavour to describe it, as correctly as my means of information will enable me to do it.

One man receives from another a real or imaginary wrong, or insult. The one, who thinks himself wronged or insulted, writes a polite billet to the other, and employs a friend to carry it, containing a request that a meeting may take place between them, and one friend and one surgeon to each, for the purpose of settling their dispute in an honourable and gentlemanly manner. The one, who receives the billet, writes back, appointing the time and place of meeting. The time appointed is generally not far distant, and the place retired. The parties meet; the friends load a pair of pistols with powder and ball, measure off the ground from eight to twelve paces, at which distance the parties stand, receiving each a pistol from his friend. At the word of command each aims at the other's heart and discharges. Sometimes one, sometimes both the combatants receive a mortal wound. If both miss their aim, at the first fire, they generally repeat it, till one or the other is killed or wounded, when the matter in dispute is considered as settled.

The wicked absurdity of this practice needs no comment. The laws of the government of this nation, ignorant and barbarous as it is, I understand strictly forbid it under heavy penal-

ties. The only difficulty is, their laws are never executed.

Were this custom confined to the lowest of the people, or to military corporals, in their land service, or to dapper midshipmen, in their navy, I should not so much wonder at it. But this is not the case. It is followed by their legislators, their executive officers, and those of highest rank, in their military and naval establishments.

Not long since, *Hamilton*, the companion of the great *Washington*, one of their ablest warriors and statesmen, was murdered in this abominable manner. Yet the murderer lives, and is still by many respected and caressed!

How this people can expect, that their national character will be respected, their form of government, of which they are so vain, will be adopted by other nations, or their religion, which they are making great exertions to propagate, will gain ground in the world, while this and other horrible customs are prevalent among them, is to me unaccountable. May the supreme Ruler of the universe prevent them from entering our beloved empire, and have my country and my friend in his holy keeping.

Ever thine,

WASHINGTON.

Proposals are issued in this town for republishing an English work entitled "*Poems for Youth, by a female circle*." It is understood to be the production of the three daughters of the celebrated Roscoe, and the proceeds are to be remitted to England for the benefit of himself and family. We wish success to the undertaking; and hope that some of the noble hearted English will return the compliment, by a similar proposal in favour of Hannah Adams and Judge Trumbull, who have not yet been patronized in their own country, in any degree proportioned to their merits, and we much doubt whether they ever will be.



## MISCELLANY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

## THE WOUNDED TAR.

"And must he go to the poor house?" said an old man, to the mob which surrounded a poor sailor, who, having both legs shot away, was indebted to the charity of passengers for his subsistence. "No he shall not; though I am poor myself, he shall share my last morsel with me;" and he advanced to help him away from the spot where he had been so rudely insulted.

Some weeks after he had thus offered his house to the poor sailor, I met him, and inquired how he continued to support him. "By my labour," he replied, "and I thank God, that he fell in my way, for he renders my house quite cheerful. Many are the stories he tells of the adventures he has met with; and he is always so good humoured, that I am only grieved that I cannot support him more comfortably than I do; but he partakes with me in all I can afford."

I told him I would call and see him in a day or two, and we parted. What an example, thought I, is this poor old man for the many rich, who inhabit this town. How many a sleepless night would be avoided, were they to follow it.

I went to the house, according to promise, and there I found the poor cripple, seated by the fire, reading. He made me a ship-shape bow, as I entered. The old man was out earning the mite which was to support them. I entered into conversation with him, and found him to be a well informed man, and one who had seen a great deal of the world.

"I was born," said he "in D—; my parents were desirous of binding me apprentice to some trade; but I was inclined towards the sea-faring life; and after causing them much

trouble, I eloped one night, with nothing but the clothes which I had on. After many hardships, I reached Boston, and soon after my arrival I became a green hand on board a merchant ship, and served thirteen years; the five last of which I was mate. But the late war threw me out of employ, and I enlisted on board of one of the frigates, then lying in the harbour. I had not been on board many days, when orders were received from Washington for our immediate departure for Algiers. When we arrived there, we were received with the greatest haughtiness by these pirates. But their pride was soon humbled by our brave crew, and they were obliged to beg for quarter. During the action, while in the act of picking up a ball for the gun at which I was stationed, a chain-shot took off one of my legs, and wounded the other so badly, that I was obliged to have it amputated. Thus, you see, I was at once rendered a cripple for life. On my arrival at Boston, I was put into the Hospital; and I soon recovered my strength. I then left the hospital; and I was under the necessity of begging a little money to convey me to the place of my nativity, when, overcome by the exertions I was obliged to make to get along, I fainted, and then it was that this good man came forward and offered me his habitation, and a share in the fruits of his labours.

I have written to my father, and expect to receive an answer to my letter. But I do not deserve to be supported by him, nor yet can I bear the thoughts of passing the remainder of my life in the poor house. I think myself qualified for keeping the books in some merchant's counting house; and should be happy to get a situation in one."

I took him into mine; and, if faithful service deserves reward, he can claim a most bountiful one. I find that the old man, who lately supported him, already receives the re-

ward of his disinterested generosity. The poor cripple, whom he took into his house from the purest of motives, now, from his stipend makes him a weekly allowance. He has received a letter from his father and is forgiven. He seems to forget his misfortune, and to grow every day more happy.

J. Q. V.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

## THE DESULTORY CONTRIBUTOR.

## NO. II.

"Tis but a kindred sound to move;  
For musick melts the soul to love."

Upon the truth of this sentiment, I 'Squire Rippleton, sent a very polite invitation to the widow Primrose, to accompany me to a late Oratorio. After no little hesitation on her part, and much urging on mine, the lovely and obliging widow consented to accompany her humble servant to the hall of "vocal sounds."

Although, after we were well seated in the carriage, she very anxiously expressed her doubts on the propriety of her going with a bachelor, to a place of publick amusement, "though to be sure," she said, "my unsullied reputation was so well known, that the circumstances of her merely riding in the same carriage with me could not possibly effect her reputation in the least; but at the same time it might give the envious and malicious of her own sex, a chance to throw out wicked insinuations."

I conjured her not to be concerned at all, as every body well knows that she was the last person in the world to be suspected of any thing improper, and that her character was as free from blemish, as her own fair hands, which I then respectfully held between mine.

By such soothing language the widow's doubts and fears were all dispelled, by the time we reached the hall. I was very fortunate in obtaining good seats; but, by some bad mistake of mine or of others, I found myself at



the termination of the performances, at a very considerable distance from my amiable companion.

The musick was such as seemed to "lift the soul from earth to heaven," and did honor not only to the performers, but to their country. I could not help observing one thing which highly displeased me, and that was, during the performances I noticed a very fair damsel, who seemed to possess "quantum sufficit" of self-complacency, not to give it a harder name, who attempted to ridicule some of the female singers, when they arose to sing, and sneered at them whilst singing. This was observed by the widow, who on our return home, remarked with a considerable degree of energy, that she thought she could have "shaken the young woman to shillings."

It is very much to be regretted, that any impropriety of behaviour should be indulged at a place, where nothing but sacred musick is performed; and should this presuming and thoughtless young woman read this, it is hoped that she will take the hint to refrain from the like in future. Her conduct operated much against me; for it engrossed the whole attention of my fair widow, and consequently her heart did not receive those "kindred sounds," which so finely soften it and prepare it for more tender impressions.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

#### DOMESTIC SKETCHES. NO. IV.

*My dear friend,*—As I proposed in my last, I have made an excursion to New-Hampshire, where I found my nephew and his family in a full dress of the most costly mourning. Upon inquiring the cause of this appearance, I was informed that they had recently lost their youngest child, an infant of a few weeks old. Upon asking if it would not have been more prudent to have saved the money, these dresses must have cost, for the

benefit of their surviving children, I was informed, they did not cost them any thing, as they took them out of their own store.

Their sideboard was soon loaded with wine of two or three kinds, best of spirits, lemons, &c. none of which I wanted, having dined at a publick house, previously to calling on them. Having agreed to pass the night with them, a sumptuous supper was prepared, and several of the neighbouring gentlemen invited to pass the evening and partake of the entertainment. I found upon inquiry that my nephew's whole dependence for support was on what is called, in country, a "variety store;" and could not help wondering how he could afford to live in such stile, and fearing that his expences were exceeding his income.

On the very next day apprehensions were realized. His house, furniture, store and contents were all attached, and for an additional "want thereof," his body was taken also. Having given bail for his appearance at court, and presented his wife with money sufficient to furnish the family with the necessaries of life, for the present, I took my leave; much more reconciled to a single life, than before, and doubting whether it would ever be too late to exchange it for the marriage state, unless I can find a helpmeet of more economy, then is possessed by the wife of my nephew.

Yours in haste,

CELEBS.

#### ANECDOTE

OF A NOBLE HUGUENOT.

During the time when France was a prey to the dissensions between the Huguenots and the Catholics, a party of the former besieged a strong fortress, the possession of which was an object of the greatest importance to them. They used every effort, but in vain, to prevail upon the governor to surrender. He assured them that the ruins of the fortress were all that they should ever get possession of; for that if he were driven to the last

extremity, he would blow it up, and perish with his men amidst the explosion, rather than surrender. The Huguenots were about to raise the siege in despair, when chance befriended them in an extraordinary manner, by throwing into their hands the only child of the governor, a boy of about twelve years of age, who was taken prisoner by another party of Huguenots in a distant province, and sent by them to their comrades, with the hope that he would be useful in subduing the loyalty of his father.

On a council being called to deliberate whether they should or should not raise the siege, some of the party proposed to terrify the governor into delivering up the fortress, by threatening him that his son should be shot before his eyes if he refused.

This proposition was received with applause, for it was generally believed that the threat could not fail of effect.

The governor was far advanced in years, and his son was doubly dear to him as an only child, and as the last representative of his ancient and noble family. The strongest hopes were therefore entertained of the success of this measure: however, some sanguinary spirits of the party, who doubted of its efficacy, proposed that the threat should actually be put into execution if the governor remained inexorable.

One only among the chiefs ventured to oppose this inhuman measure, and that was the Viscount de S—, between whose illustrious house and that of the governor there had long subsisted the most bitter enmity. "What," cried he indignantly, "would you then cover yourselves with eternal infamy, and bring down the vengeance of Heaven on your heads, by shedding innocent blood? Supposing the governor's loyalty should be proof to the dreadful trial you mean to make of it, what advantage can you derive from bringing his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave? Think you that this odious cruelty will not rather give him strength of mind to execute his former threat and blow up the fortress sooner than surrender it?"

Though the speech of De S— made little impression on the minds of his colleagues, yet the belief was so general that the governor would yield, that no positive resolution was taken



respecting the boy, whose father was immediately summoned to a parley. The child was produced, and the governor assured that he should see him perish before his eyes if he continued obstinate; while, on the other hand, he was offered the most favourable terms, both for himself and his followers, as well as the immediate restoration of his son, if he surrendered the fortress.

None but a parent can conceive the feelings of the wretched father, as he beheld the beloved boy whose life or death hung upon his determination. He dared not to trust his eyes with the sight of his son, but hastily averting them, he signified in a few words, evidently delivered with great effort, his resolution to remain faithful to his duty.

The besiegers, who thought they saw in the excess of his agony some prospect that they might ultimately subdue his loyalty, told him they would allow him twenty four hours to consider of their proposal: but before that time was expired, one of their scouts brought them intelligence, that a party of the king's troops were but a few miles distant; and as their force was greatly superior to those of the besiegers, the latter, if they could not succeed in gaining the fortress, must make a precipitate retreat. This news inflamed them almost to madness, and it was determined that if the governor did not surrender immediately, the boy should die.

None among them had given such proofs of bravery and zeal for the cause as the Viscount de S—, nor was there one perhaps so generally beloved by the party: but he vainly used his eloquence in the cause of humanity; they were deaf to all he could urge, and when they found that the governor resolutely refused to surrender, his son was led forward to be shot.

Unable to support this heart-piercing sight, the wretched father fell senseless into the arms of his attendants; but his fleeting spirits were almost instantly recalled by a shout of joy; he started up, and beheld his son in the arms of the Viscount de S—; he heard that generous man exclaim, "Give fire, soldiers! You will have two victims instead of one, and I shall escape the misfortune of living to see our cause eternally disgraced by the blood of this innocent child."

At hearing these words, the governor fell upon his knees: his hands were stretched towards Heaven; emotion deprived him of utterance, but what eloquence could be so touching as the expression of his agonized countenance! For a moment he remained in dreadful suspense, but it was only for a moment: he saw the generous De S— bear off his son in his arms unmolested; and his joy at this sight, so transporting, so unhopd for, was almost too great for his feeble frame to support.

De S— did not do his work by halves; he was unable to prevail on his party to restore the boy to his father, but during a considerable time that the child was a prisoner, he treated him as if he had been his own son. The youth was at length set at liberty, but he had imbibed so strong an affection for the viscount, that he ever afterwards regarded him as a second parent.

The young man inherited the loyalty of his brave and venerable father. He entered the army, and as he advanced in life, he signalized himself so much, that he became a great favourite with the king, who, upon one occasion, told him to prefer whatever request he thought proper, and it should be granted.

At that time the fortunes of De S— were at the lowest ebb; his estates were confiscated, and he himself was wandering through France in poverty and disguise. His young friend knew the king's aversion to him was so great, that by naming him, he himself would in all probability lose the favour of his monarch: yet he did not hesitate to solicit the viscount's pardon, and the restoration of his lands, for he knew that the royal word would not be retracted. "Weigh well the consequences of soliciting this favour, monsieur," said the king with a cold and stern air.—"I have weighed them sir," replied the generous petitioner; "and if your majesty will deign to hear me, you will own that my life, my fortune, and what is dearer to me than either, the favour of my sovereign, ought to be risked in the cause of De S—." He then related his obligations to the viscount with so much pathos, that the king was moved, and as it was a considerable time since De S— had taken any active part against him, he granted him a pardon, and the restoration of his property, on the

condition of his leaving France; a condition to which De S— gladly acceded.

He retired to Germany, from whence in some years afterwards he was permitted to return to his native country, where, during the remainder of his life, he continued in the strictest friendship with the man who had so nobly requited his humanity.

#### DETACHED THOUGHTS.

Excessive complaisance is more frequently the mark of pride, than affability. A proud man, fearful of having liberties taken with him by people who have, he thinks, no right to thrust themselves upon a footing with him, behaves to them with the most ceremonious civility, to keep them at a proper distance: and he generally gains his point; for who can be free with a man whose very politeness is forbidding?

The strongest love may, by repeated injuries and insults, be converted into indifference and contempt.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul; a fine face may kindle a flame in the coldest heart, but that will prove a transient fire, unless there is sense and virtue to keep it alive.

#### RECENT OCCURRENCES.

Accounts received from Spain, since our last, represent the insurrection in that kingdom, as more formidable, than those, previously received. They are, however, so vague, and in some instances, contradictory, as to leave us much in doubt, respecting the real state of the nation.

The principal facts connected with the recent fatal duel appear to be the following. Commodore Barron had made application for the command of the Columbus and was opposed by Decatur. This produced a challenge



from Barron. They met at Bladensburg, with Commodore Bainbridge, as friend of Decatur, and Capt. Elliott, of Barron. They fired at eight paces distance, when Decatur was mortally wounded and Barron severely, though not dangerously.

The funeral of this lamented hero took place at 4 o'clock P. M. on the 24th inst. attended by a vast assemblage of citizens and strangers, most of the members of the two houses of Congress, officers of government, and representatives of foreign governments resident at Washington. The usual military honours were rendered on this occasion.

The great southern mail, which left Baltimore on Thursday of last week, was robbed on Saturday morning and the driver of the sulky murdered. A reward of \$1000 is offered for the apprehension of each of the perpetrators.

Since the above was in type, news has arrived, that two men, by the name of Hutton and Hall or Hall, have been arrested. The large sums in post and bank notes found on them, in addition to other circumstances, leave no room to doubt, that these were both concerned in the robbery and murder. Several other persons have been taken up on suspicion, but the crime thus far appears to be confined to the two above mentioned.

A New-York paper of the 27th says, a man by the name of Smith Davis had been attempting for several days to seduce the driver of the eastern mail stage into a conspiracy to rob the mail. The driver pretended that he would aid in the robbery and share in the plunder, but, in the meantime informed general Bailey, who took measures accordingly. On Sunday morning, the robber took his seat with the driver, as they started from East Chester, soon opened the mail with a false key, took out several packages, when, on a signal given by

the driver, Mr. Curtis, a police officer, and Mr. Wiley of the post office, who were inside the coach secured him, and he is lodged in Bridewell, to take his trial before the Circuit Court in April.

From what Davis remarked, while under examination, there is reason to believe that he belonged to the same gang of villains, who murdered the driver and robbed the mail, near Baltimore. He observed, that "the magistrates would have more of the same kind of business soon; that the occurrence near Baltimore was but trifling, compared with what may soon be expected to happen somewhere between Boston and Charleston S. C. that he knew there was a combination of at least fifty persons, of genteel appearance, who were determined to carry their point," &c.

An Irishman, a passenger from Boston, was in the stage at the time Davis was arrested, and appeared much alarmed, having about him a considerable sum in gold and bank bills. The bills however proved to be spurious, which was ascertained by his offering one of them to the clerk of the stage office, for his passage, on which he was arrested.

Michael Powars was confined in the county gaol in this town, on Thursday evening last.

Brig Elk of this port, Capt. Stone, from Porto Rico has arrived in the Mississippi, having been boarded by a piratical schooner, off Cape Cruz, and plundered of every thing valuable.

A Baltimore paper states, that an action, for a breach of promise of marriage, has been decided in Harford County Court: *Ann Garrison* against *Joshua Amos*. The promise was fully substantiated, and two thousand eight hundred dollars awarded as damages. This sum is supposed to be about one third of what the defendant was worth.

On the morning of the 21st inst. Richmond Vir. was visited with the most destructive fire, that has occurred there for several years.

One of the large coal mines near Pittsburg, Penn. is said to be on fire, and to "vomit forth flames with all the sublimity of Vesuvius."

### THEATRICAL JOURNAL

Monday, March 26.

Hero of the North.—Cinderella.

Wednesday, March 28.

Day after the Wedding.—Cinderella.  
—Sleeping Draught.

THEATRE.—On Easter Monday, April 3d, will be performed, *LOVERS' QUARRELS*, *RAYMOND* and *AGNES*, or—*The Travellers Benighted*, and *CINDERELLA*.

### ERRATUM.

In our last number, last page, first column, thirteenth line from bottom, for "me deme," read *made me*.

### MARRIED,

In Newbury Port, Mr. Jacob Hale, jr. of this town, to Miss Mary Jane Hoyt.

In Holliston, Mr. Jer. Foster, of this town, to Miss Louiza Winzell.

In this town,—Mr. Richard Austin, to Miss Mary P. Harris.

Mr. William Timmings, to Miss Jeanette Seward.

Mr. Warren Fisher, to Miss Lucretia Bucknam.

### DIED,

In Washington city, Commodore STEPHEN DECATUR, of a wound, received in a duel with Commodore JAMES BARRON.

In St. Louis, Missouri, Mr. Caleb B. Dorr, formerly of this town, aged 27 years.

In Halifax, N. S. Mrs. Lydia Ridgway, formerly of this town, 62.

In this town, Mrs. Hannah Parker, aged, 61.

Mrs. Rebecca Huxford, 50.

Mr. Joseph Burbeck, 62.

Mr. Spencer Thomas, 33.

Maria Esther Dorr, 7 months.

Mr. Thomas Bradlee, 54.

Miss Susannah Doyle, 16.

Miss Mchitable L. Phillips, 19.

Mr. Caleb Easte, 46.



## POETRY.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

## THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN, &amp;c.

By art untrammel'd—nature's foster child,  
Rude was the shepherd of the forest wild;  
No more that red man through our forests  
steals,

His trusty wolf-dog whimpering at his heels,  
To trap the beaver, or the bear to rend,  
A dauntless foeman and a zealous friend;  
But mute forever sleeps by hill or grove,  
There moulder too the objects of his love.

The wild winds whistle round their narrow  
cell,  
Ages have roll'd that bade their shades fare-  
well,

For them alone the pensive breezes sigh!  
And to their moans the hollow woods reply.  
Their deeds of valour known to other days,  
No poets celebrate, no arts emblaze;  
A mound of earth and simpler pile of stones,  
All that protect and canonize their bones.

Now ye, who wear the front of frowning  
Mars,

Go bare your bosoms—go display your scars,  
And say if hope of nicer sculptur'd urns,  
Gives mental peace, when dust to dust re-  
turns.

Deluded fools! to agonizing pains  
Death and the grave succeed—and what re-  
mains?

What—but a pomp of false funereal woe,  
Rear'd but to hide the mass of filth below!  
And such is fame—'tis breath—'tis empty air,  
For which man sells his soul and buys despair.

On earth perhaps the envied slave of vice;  
In death shut out from hope and paradise.  
Pleas'd is my soul to view the waving grain  
Where once the wigwam cumber'd all the  
plain—

Here, where so oft was twang'd the baleful  
yew,

For oft the spot embattled legions knew;  
And more than pleas'd I learn, with glisten-  
ing eyes,

How honest labour every want supplies.  
Oh blest New-England! where no negroes  
groan,

Each peasant's hut, a kingdom all his own.

Still, oh my country, live, the foe of kings,  
Of titled grandeur and of lordly things,  
Till thine existence with this earth decay,  
And all by God's decree shall melt away.  
But there are those whom no declining sun  
Can tell of task fulfill'd—of labour done,

With lashes urg'd or driven with many a  
curse,

To delve the soil to fill some villian's purse,  
Their minds still chain'd to servitude and  
sin,

Their chiefest fault the colour of their skin—  
Such the poor slave—doom'd thro' a waste of  
years,

To plant the ground he waters with his tears.

F—.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

## A GRANDMOTHER,

TO HER INFANT GRANDCHILD.

TUNE.—“*Wat ye wha' I met yestreen?*”

O, go to sleep my baby dear,  
And I will hold thee on my knee;  
Thy mother's in her winding sheet,  
And thou art all that's left to me.

My hairs are white, with grief and age,  
I've borne the weight of every ill,  
And I would lay me with my child,  
But thou art left to love me still.

Could thy false father see thy face,  
The tear would fill his cruel 'ee,  
But he has scorn'd thy mother's woes,  
And he shall never look on thee.

For I will rear thee up alone,  
And with me thou shalt aye remain,  
For thou wilt have thy mother's smile,  
And I shall see my child again. F. I.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

## THE DENTIST,

To a young lady on drawing her tooth.

Shall pain dare to dwell in a mouth that's so  
sweet?

That friendship and love can impart?  
The traitor in irons I'll lay at your feet,  
And drive the fell pain from your heart.

The pain shall be banish'd for love in its  
stead,

As far as the north from the south;  
This tooth is the only bad thing in your head,  
Or that ever came out of your mouth.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

## TO THE MEMORY

OF TWO CELEBRATED FEMALE TATTLERS.

I hate these tell-tale babbling creatures,  
That echo all they hear;  
Scandal is written in their features,  
They always live in fear.

Despis'd by every generous mind,  
No friends they e'er can have;  
They herd together with their kind,  
They sink below the slave.

Friendship with them can have no tie,  
And virtue has no charm;  
They ne'er can feel soft pity's sigh,  
Nor lean on pleasure's arm.

Hence! hence! ye babbling tell-tale crew,  
Ye lying smooth-fac'd slaves;  
On you shall drop no gentle dew,  
But parch'd up be your graves.

No verdure e'er shall flourish near  
The sod around your head;  
For you shall drop no friendly tear,  
While living or when dead. L. C. C.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

## LINES,

In memory of a young lady, who died at Hal-  
ifax, N. S. Sept. 29, 1817.

The turf on Mary's grave grows green,  
The willow spreads its mournful shade,  
And angel spirits oft are seen  
To hover round the lovely dead.

Regardless of a mother's pangs,  
While up to heaven her prayer ascends,  
Disease upon the daughter hangs,  
And death his icy arms extends.

Now beauty yields to his embrace,  
And hundreds weep around her bier;  
But virtue lives with heavenly grace,  
Where not a pang is known, nor tear.

FOR THE LADIES' PORT FOLIO.

## A BULL.

A dame to Yankee land from Ireland came,  
Who had a quarrel with a neighbouring  
dame.

The parson of the place, to end the strife,  
Exhorted her to lead a peaceful life,  
Forgiving and forgetting what was past;  
“I do,” said she, “my anger cannot last,  
I do forgive and do forget the whole;  
But can't help thinking on't, to save my  
soul.”

## OLD EPIGRAM.

The golden hair, that Galla wears,  
Is hers; who would have thought it?  
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,  
For I know where she bought it.